

LOVELINESS UNADORNED.  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament.  
But is, when undorned, adorned the most.  
—James Thomson.

Here's Another Installment of the Marvelous Adventures of the Man Fish Who Ruled the Seas

# The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

THE LAST ROSE.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone.  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone.  
—Thomas Moore.

## Hictaner---The Man Fish

Who Lived in the Water and Ruled the Seas  
Vera Is Brought By Severac To Be a  
"Companion" For Moissette  
In Her Captivity

By JEAN DE LA HIRE.

(Copyrighted.)

PART I.—(Continued.)

Hictaner stopped, petrified, and stammered.  
"Where did you get that weapon?"  
"Ah," said Moissette with a smile, "you did not think of that. As you said, nothing is lacking in the dining-room cupboard. The table service is complete. I took this knife, which is as long and pointed as a good dagger."  
"You will kill yourself if I come near!"  
"I will."  
"Then do you hate me so much?"  
"No; I despise you."

Severac smiled.  
She was so poised and so strong, her eyes shone with such a fierce resolution that he recoiled, instead of advancing.

He was undecided for a moment, his eyes fixed on the young girl's throat and the point of the knife.  
Suddenly he smiled a terrible ironical smile. He drew himself up and bowed low he said:

"Excuse me, Moissette. The love you inspire in me is driving me to ever greater follies. I ask forgiveness for my brutality. You will not be obliged to longer defend yourself against it. I repeat what I said four days ago: My good care, solitude, and time will change your attitude."  
"Very soon—perhaps day after tomorrow, if nothing interferes with the carrying out of orders I have given—you will also have a servant. I can wait."

Moissette let the hand fall which held the knife, and in a voice which was more unquiet than she would have wished, she said:  
"How long do you intend to keep me a prisoner?"  
"Always—at least, you will stay here until you make up your mind to give yourself to me of your own free will. An revolver, mademoiselle."

Severac left the salon.  
When she had heard two doors close, she fell to the floor sobbing violently.

The poor child was no longer upheld by her indignation and the nervous excitement which the sight of Severac had wrought in her.  
She measured now the full extent of her misery.

Surely all flight from this subterranean prison was impossible, separated as it was from mankind by mountains and by sea. Neither Oxnus nor Pulbert could discover Severac's retreat. Her Hictaner—her beloved Guy—would never find her again.

As she wept a bitter abandon, Moissette could see no deliverance but death. Then a more awful despair flooded her being. She raised her arm and tried to sink the knife into her heart, but her arm was suspended, and she sank gently to the floor.

"I am to have a companion," murmured the unfortunate.  
"I am to have a servant. Perhaps they will take pity on me. They will save me."

Here was hope—the happy ray of hope which refreshes souls! Following upon the shadows of death, this ray of life filled Moissette's being with such emotion that the poor child fainted.

When she awoke she was lying upon the bed in her room. In a flash she recalled everything. She remembered having fallen in the center of the salon.

Who had carried her to her bed? It could only be Severac. She shuddered. But he had not harmed a hair of her head.

She promised herself fervently not to let herself be carried away by anger or emotion again for she realized that her physical resources must not be so severely taxed.

"I must wait for the companion and the servant he has promised me," she said. "That is my one hope."

Nothing could have been calmer or more uneventful than the four days following this eventful evening. She prepared her food carefully and forced herself to eat. She read, dreamed and barricaded herself at night in her room, the only entrance to which was the door leading into the salon which

was provided with a lock and bolt. During those four days Severac did not appear. His absence began to make Moissette uneasy.

She wondered if his promise of a companion and a servant were only a cruel lie. But it was not.  
On the morning of the fifth day she was in the salon. She heard the doors open. She rose quickly, first making sure that the knife was in her dress. A beautiful young girl with a serious face and great, rather hard, black eyes, was following Severac into the room.

Vera Arrives.  
"Mademoiselle," said Severac to Moissette, "here is Vera, my niece, who will be a companion and a friend."

The two young girls glared at each other. At Vera's cold hard gaze, Moissette felt all her hopes fall. In Severac's "niece," she sensed an enemy.

But Moissette bravely hid her disappointment and responded to Vera's scrutiny with a swift glance.  
"M. Severac," she said, "under these circumstances, my companion must be either a prisoner or a guardian."

"Since Mademoiselle is your niece, and in consequence devoted to your interests and your plans, it will be very hard for me to think of her as a friend."

"Think of me as you like, Mademoiselle," replied Vera coldly.  
"We shall not live together any the less, and it will be as necessary for you to grow accustomed to me as for me to grow accustomed to you."

Moissette was desperate. She made a great effort and turning toward Severac she said:  
"Monseigneur, for the first time, I am going to ask something of you."

"What is it, Moissette?" asked Severac constrainedly.  
"I beg you to say to Mademoiselle Vera that my room is to be my own."

"That was understood in advance. You have your room, Vera has hers. You will only meet one another in the salon and in the dining room. You will care for your own room, but Vera will prepare your meals until I have found the servant I promised."

"Very well," said Moissette.  
Drawing herself up, in order to better appear indifferent, the poor captive bird left the salon.

Severac and his daughter stayed alone.  
"Vera," said the man in a low voice, "don't forget my instructions. You are to pass for my niece. Force yourself to gain her confidence. As you appeared stern at first, she cannot fail to feel more drawn toward you when she believes that she has made you pity her, and that you are letting yourself be won more and more."

"You understand everything. She is our hostage. Through her we shall hold Hictaner, if I cannot get him otherwise."  
"With her we can hold the whole world in our power even if I cannot deliver Hictaner to the infuriated nation. Do you understand?"

"I understand, father."  
"Good. Now I am going to the Marselles conference. I know how to get in. I will act as circumstances seem to dictate. Go to the launch—you have not forgotten the trick?"

"No."  
"Good! We will leave the grotto and land near Lima, where I will take the train for Marselles. You can return here in the launch. Let us go."

A quarter of an hour later the swift craft sped over the surface of the water. It bore Vera and her father, Severac.

Upon leaving the grottoes and darting up to the surface of the water, Severac and Vera first of all busied themselves with the maneuver which changed the submersible into a simple electric launch.

Then they rounded the cape and started forward into the open sea with their backs to the cliffs.

Therefore they did not see a little boat lying in a tiny inlet just behind them.

Four men were crouching in her with their eyes just peering over the rim.

(Continued Tomorrow)

## 'Never Forget to Write Home'—A Great Song

Mary Ellen Sigsbee Pictures the Pathos and Sentiment That Has Made This Stirring War Song a Popular Success



Here is the first verse of this wonderful new song:  
**T**HE golden sun was sinking with its splendor in the West,  
As a mother bade her son a fond farewell,  
And her loving eyes were tender as she drew him to her breast,  
For her heart held more than any tongue can tell.  
The tear drops from her eyes began to steal,  
As to her boy she made this last appeal.

**CHORUS.**  
**N**EVER forget to write home,  
Even if only a line.  
Just try to make your mother  
Feel you've commenced to  
Make good; although you have  
The whole world against you.  
Send us your love and a kiss;  
Those are the things that we miss.  
No matter where you roam,  
Never forget to write home.

## Romances of Astronomy

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"A friend says he has read that the star Arcturus exceeds the sun 1,000 times in brightness, and he infers that that star is 1,000 times as large as the sun. Is this right?"  
"L. P. C."

It depends upon what your friend means by the phrase "1,000 times as large." If he means to compare the disk, or visible surface, of Arcturus with that of the sun, viewed at the same distance, then (provided that the brilliancy of Arcturus is, area for area, the same as the sun's) he is right; but if he means absolute size or volume (in other words, cubic content), he is very far wrong. In that case he should have told you that Arcturus is about 31,000 times as large as the sun.

The reasoning by which this result is obtained is both interesting and important for anybody who wishes to make little calculations for himself about the wonders of astronomy. It can be very simply explained as follows: If two spherical bodies, such as the sun and the stars, emit light of the same intensity per unit area, then their comparative brilliancy will be in the same ratio as their surfaces. But their surfaces are proportional to the square of their diameters. If one has ten times the diameter of the other it will have 100 times the surface, and consequently will give 100 times as much light. If it has a trifle more than 31.6 times the diameter it will have 1,000 times the surface and will give 1,000 times as much light. Hence we infer that

Arcturus must have a diameter about 31.6 times the sun's. But if we wish, from this, to calculate the size, or bulk, of Arcturus as compared with the sun, we must remember that the volume (bulk) of two spheres is proportional, not to the squares, but to the cubes of their diameters, and since the cube of 31.6 is 31,554, we see that Arcturus must be 31,554 times as great in volume as the sun. If the two had the same mean density, that is, the same mass, we should have the same calculations as based on assumptions concerning the data, which have not been, and at present cannot be, definitely established as correct.

It is very unlikely that the intrinsic brilliancy of the surface of Arcturus is the same as that of the sun. If it is greater, then the surface of Arcturus, and its volume, are

less than the calculation shows, and if it is less than those elements are proportionally greater.

It is a most fascinating thing to make these estimates for yourself, basing them on the facts which astronomical observations furnish. For thus you may vastly increase the interest and value of your reading. But you must be sure that you do not overlook any of the elements of the problem. Many years ago I read in a leading journal of popular science an article in which the writer, starting from the two facts that the attraction of a planet is proportional to its mass, and that the mass of the planet Jupiter is about 330 times that of the earth, deduced, with many startling comparisons, the conclusion that a man who weighed 150 pounds on the earth would weigh 150x330, or 49,500 pounds, (more than 54 tons), if removed to Jupiter!

Unfortunately, he had neglected to take into account a third fact of equal importance with the others, viz., that the force of gravitation varies inversely with the square of the distance from the centre of attraction. Jupiter's radius, or half diameter (the distance of its surface from its centre), is about eleven times as great as the earth's, and the square of this is 121; consequently, while Jupiter's attraction, owing to its greater mass, is 330 times the earth's, yet most of this advantage is lost through the greater distance of Jupiter's surface from its centre of gravity. The true ratio of the weight of a body on the surface of Jupiter to its weight on the surface of the earth (with the figures for mass and radius which we have adopted) would be 330 divided by 121, or about 2.75 to 1. So a 150-pound man removed to Jupiter, instead of weighing 24 tons, would weigh only 412½ pounds. Even on the sun, whose gravitative power exceeds the earth's more than 330,000 times, he would not weigh more than two tons.

The law underlying these things leads to some very curious results. For instance, if the earth, while retaining the same amount of matter or mass, were expanded into a globe of four times greater radius, a 150-pound man would weigh only nine pounds six ounces, while, on the other hand, if the earth shrank to a diameter one-quarter as great as it now has, the same man would weigh 2400 pounds.

But on the moon, whose radius is not much more than one-quarter the earth's, he would weigh only twenty-five pounds, because the mass, or total attractive force, of the moon is less than one-eightieth of the earth's.

## Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Viva Takes Helen to a Studio to Meet the Man She Hoped to Marry

Copyright, 1917, International News Service.  
"Helen, will you meet me downtown," said Viva's voice, strangely sweet over the telephone. "I want to take you up to tea at the studio of a friend."  
Helen had been waiting for this invitation ever since Frances had given out the information that Viva was at last in love and with a poor man.  
"Of course I can," she returned enthusiastically. "I think it is a great compliment that you care about having me meet him."  
"Of course I want you to meet him. I suppose Frances has been telling you things. She thinks the world of you and your opinion."  
Helen laughed. "But that isn't why you want me to meet him, is it?"  
Her tone was wistful. Somehow this strange little girl had won a real place in Helen's heart. She had become interested in her in the first place because she was so odd. Then she had intensely disliked her because she had said that she was forward and selfish, almost cruel, for she had treated Frances abominably.  
Then he—Viva—underwent another change when she and Frances made the compact to do something to help Viva. The child had been left very much to herself by her parents, who had thought that allowing her to go her own way and providing her with plenty of money had been all that was necessary. Viva's knowledge of life, gleaned from her experience in a fashionable finishing school, had almost ruined her, but Frances had insisted that there was good in her and had also insisted that Carp keep inviting her to New York.  
And certainly good had come out of it, for if nothing else had been gained, there was no gainsaying the fact that Viva had capitulated to Frances. Whether or not she would accept Helen as a friend was another thing; it was at present sufficient for Viva that Frances had asked her to introduce her artist to Helen.  
"To tell you the truth, Viva," Frances had said bluntly, "I want Mrs. Curtis to see you have it in you to care for a real man, after all. She's as much interested in you as I am."  
The Viva of a few months back would have replied pettily, but the new Viva, the Viva who knew what it was to love for love itself, laughed, and laughed with all the ardor of youth, too, and a wholesome absence of artificiality.  
Viva escorted Helen into a dark side street and up a few stone steps into a dark hallway. Helen was undeniably astonished.  
Viva turned to her, laughingly as they began to go upstairs. "You didn't expect to find this, did you?" Helen flushed.  
"I thought it was awful, too, when I first saw it," the girl confessed. "But I'm used to it now, and I don't mind."  
They reached the top of the second flight now and turned to the front of the house. Viva rapped with the old-fashioned knocker, and the door was swung open immediately by a tall, slight man with the most tensely eager face Helen had ever seen. As Frances said, he wore tortoise-shell glasses, and involuntarily Helen glanced at his features, which were not handsome, with the exception of his mouth. The dominant characteristic about him was the fact that he was so alive and Helen thought delightedly, exactly the kind of a man she would have chosen for Viva.  
Helen turned from the introduction to an inspection of the place. It had an immense skylight across the front of it, and the walls were covered with pastel drawings. Gorgeously colored stuffs were draped over a model-stand, and easels of all kinds stood against the walls or were drawn partly out into the room, with half-finished pictures on them. The room was delightfully untidy in a picturesque kind of a way, and Viva, who seemed perfectly at home, was already—  
Helen dropped down on a couch nearby and turned to the man, who had sat down with her.  
"I believe we have some friends in common, Mrs. Curtis," he said in his slow, delightful way of talking. "Jack Parmelee?"  
"Oh, do you know Anne and Jack? I haven't seen them for ever so long."  
"They're pretty busy," the man returned. "Yes, I know Jack very well; he and I went to school together in Chicago."  
Helen liked the way he talked, and the way his long nervous fingers handled the drawings he showed to her. She liked his face, and there was a something genuine about him that made her like the man himself. Even his name was singular, Hale Leonard. Somehow it suited him perfectly.  
The tea was delightfully informal and afterward Helen learned just how artists really lived. The big studio was where they ate and worked, but there was a kitchen of a sort across the hall, and a couple of tiny rooms just big enough for a couch. It was all quite primitive, but very interesting. Helen wondered if Viva would be willing to live that way, too, and smiled unbelievably, only to change her opinion and wonder if the girl wouldn't do anything willingly as she caught the look on Viva's face when she turned back to listen to something the man was saying. Neither Viva nor her artist mentioned the fact that any engagement existed, so Helen imagined that it was still indefinite. Of course there was a possibility that he would be drafted, too, but Helen was certain of one thing, and that was that she most decidedly approved Viva's choice.  
(The next in this delightful series will appear on this page soon.)

## Vacation Days

By Ira S. Wile,  
Associate Editor American Medicine  
and Member New York City  
Board of Education.

THIS vacation days are full of swiftness.  
Freedom from study, the pressure of teachers and the coaxing and cajoling of parents to do better at school makes vacation a period of relaxation and rest.

Adults studying in the school of experience do not find the doors closed and the fields opened to them by order of some Board of Education or superintendent of schools.

Do you need a vacation? Do you take one?  
Efficiency experts teach that rest properly distributed during the working day increases the industrial output with a decrease in the physical fatigue of the worker.

You may be able to work all year. That does not signify that a vacation would not benefit you.

Some men boast that they have never taken a vacation and they feel as well as they ever did.

There are more men who have perished without a vacation, but their silent tongues cannot speak for what might have saved them.

Life moves in a general direction. Mass experience outweighs personal opinion.

The irregularity of employment forces rest from labor upon many who would prefer to work.

Climatic conditions, the alternation of seasons compel agricultural workers to toil assiduously for a few months and then comes a favorable time for relaxation and recuperation.

The average person is better able to perform his duties by reason of a vacation than if he continued at his post, giving his strength and energy for wages.

Certainly no man is worse off for taking a vacation.

Under normal circumstances, you enjoy your work, you find pleasure in it, you say your work is play. Set aside a few days or weeks or months, as circumstances warrant, and let play be your work.

The change in the form of activity promotes your welfare. It rests the overtaxed muscles, nerves and brain, and directs the current of vitality into rested channels.

The vacation activity supplies another crop of power, vitality, initiative, endurance, happiness.

The rotation of crops has been the salvation of farmers.

Apply the principle to your method of living and you will protect the soil that nourishes your health.

Be reasonable in your enjoyments. Do not sacrifice what you seek to attain through recreation.

Workers in factories, shops, and offices unwisely often burst into strenuous activity for which they are physically unfitted and unprepared.

Do not make necessary a rest after your vacation.

Do not rush into physical exertions that will overtax your untrained body.

Do not try to crowd a year's physical training into a couple of weeks.

Your heart will accommodate itself to rational expenditures of effort. Your lungs will obligingly aid to fortify your desire for wholesome and vigorous diversion.

Your skin, kidneys, bowels and brain will participate with warm and joyous sympathy if you do not abuse them by overworking them in your vacation sports and games.

Make the vacation revivify the body, as well as to clear the cobwebs from the mind.

Overfatigue from work you call play is no more harmful than being worn out working at play.

Take a real vacation. Let it result in rest, revitalization, recreation.

## 26 Cents for 6 Persons



## A Cold Bite for Sunday Night.

By Jeanette Hardman.

WASH and peel six medium sized potatoes; boil them in salted water until tender; when done, strain and dry them; cut them in dice shape; put into a salad bowl; peel four or five small green onions; add them to the potatoes and season with salt and pepper; add two hard-boiled eggs, chopped finely, and a half cup of

chopped celery. Pour over this the salad dressing.

SALAD DRESSING—Mix together in a bowl three tablespoonsful of olive oil, two tablespoonsful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of prepared mustard, salt and pepper; stir well with a wooden spoon; add two tablespoonsful of chopped parsley. Use and serve with cold boiled ham. Will serve six persons. Average cost, 10 cents.

26 CENTS FOR 6 PERSONS